

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 03578 7925

Ge 929.2 D9704a

Angus, M. E.

Henry Dunckley, M.A., D.D.

To
Henry Forbes Angus,
from his Mother

June 1928.

Henry Dunckley

M.A., LL.D.

By

M. E. Angus

An intimate sketch of the
Life of Henry Dunckley,
written from memories and a few notes
by his daughter
for his grandchildren and great
grandchildren

Henry Dunckley, M.A., LL.D.

YOUTH

The brief facts of Henry Dunckley's life are chronicled in *The Supplement to the Dictionary of National Biography*, the newspapers of 1896 review his public work, occasionally references to him as a journalist are to be found in the English papers of today. In this sketch it is proposed to dwell upon the more intimate life of the home.

Henry Dunckley was born in the heart of the English Midlands, in the ancient town of Warwick on the river Avon, on Christmas Eve 1823. His parents lived in a cottage known as *The Orchard* in a pleasant garden where he and his brother James and a much younger sister spent their early years. The atmosphere of the home throughout his youth was one of mutual understanding and love. His parents were pious people, members of the Brook Street Congregational Chapel, where an earlier generation had worshipped. It seems to have been an expansion of the home so closely were they linked with it.

At the age of five Henry became a scholar in the Sunday School and began to learn by heart the Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, receiving by and by, as a prize for proficiency, a little leather bound copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. All through his life Henry delighted in this won-

derful book; and even now his daughter can recall his voice reciting the opening sentences.

At the age of eight Henry was placed in a day school for boys where he made good progress. The Master, Mr. Muckley, encouraged in his pupils a love of reading; he also paid special attention to English composition, each boy in turn having to prepare and read a little essay on some selected topic.

A hundred years have passed away since the days of which I am writing and government schools and Free Libraries have now put the means of education into the hands of our boys and girls. In Henry's boyhood it was in Brook Street Congregational Chapel, in the Sunday School, where he was first a pupil and then a teacher, and later in the Young Men's Literary Society that he found his opportunities of education. He learned to think and he learned to express himself.

From the time he was fourteen he was ready to take his turn in the monthly essay or literature. Sometimes at the meetings there would be a good deal of heat and loud talking. The minister was a wise man. When asked by one of the deacons to be often present at the meetings that he might exercise "a wise control" he said: "No; let the young men fight it out together. I have overheard some of their discussions. They are all right. Let them alone. I will attend their meetings when they ask me to do so; not otherwise."

Every opportunity was afforded Henry for reading at home in the evenings. His own special nook was a large cupboard, just room for stool, desk and lamp, and three boards strung together for book shelves. Here he

read Homer's Iliad, Virgil, (translations) Paradise Lost, Butler's Analogy, Payley's Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy, Shakespeare and Hudibras, the History of Scotland and Sir Walter Scott. On the occasion of Queen Victoria's coronation he wrote some verses and his proud parents had them printed. He wrote more ~~poetry~~ *poems* which family and friends admired. Then, one morning, he made a bonfire in the garden and burnt them all.

In 1839 Henry became a member of the Congregational Church and the wish arose, and was encouraged by his friends, that he should prepare for the Christian Ministry.

It was about this time that Dr. Winslow, an eloquent and distinguished preacher, became the pastor of the Baptist Chapel in the modern town of Leamington, only some two miles distant from Warwick. His sermons attracted many young people who were not members of his church—such as Henry Dunkley. From Dr. Winslow Henry learnt that according to the Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, baptism is only to be administered to those who personally profess their faith in Christ and their obedience to him. Henry had shortly after his birth been presented by his parents for baptism in the Congregational Church; and later he had personally asked to be admitted as a member. Now he desired ardently, personally, by baptism, to profess his faith in Christ and his obedience to him.

So, with a heavy heart, to the grief of his parents and minister, he gave up all hope of entering a Congregational College. Many of

his old friends were hard in their judgment. They said he should have studied the question before joining the Congregational Church: and those who blamed him were those whose opinion he had valued. During these weeks his mother was his only friend. She maintained that it was fidelity to truth that was at the root of his conduct.

A few months later Henry was baptized by Dr. Octavius Winslow of Warwick Street Chapel, Leamington, and he was encouraged to hope he might be admitted into one of the Baptist Colleges. An evening was appointed for him to preach a sort of trial sermon before a committee of the congregation, a severe ordeal for a boy of sixteen.

A large room in the rear of the church was quite full of people, the deacons occupying the front benches. Dr. Winslow, a man of dignified and aristocratic bearing, conducted the first part of the service and then motioned to Henry to go to the desk. Henry's hand trembled as he opened the Bible but he soon found and read his text:- "Being confident of this very thing, that he, which hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ." (Philippians 1:6.)

The first sentences were but indistinctly heard by one who sat at the bottom of the room—his younger brother, James. Henry was too nervous to appear to advantage and yet he was undoubtedly successful. After a few preliminary remarks he divided his subject, accordingly to the orthodox fashion of the time, into three parts. "Firstly" was stated simply and clearly; "Secondly" showed that his memory was a little at fault; when

he would have outlined "Thirdly" he came to a full stop. The minister said: "Go on with 'Firstly,' and perhaps 'Secondly' and 'Thirdly' will come when they are wanted."

Henry followed this advice, speaking easily and with a moderate degree of self-possession, which would have been delightful to witness, but for a question which made an interested listener tremble—"How will it be when he gets to 'Secondly'?" However, Henry came up to the mark and passed it successfully.

How the younger brother at the end of the room wished he had never said there was to be a "Thirdly", for Henry had already said enough. However, he found "Thirdly" when it was wanted and finished triumphantly.

Dr. Winslow was so well pleased that he wrote to the committee of Stepney College, London, and applied for his admission as a student.

It must be remembered that Henry Dunckley left school at the age of twelve; and that home-reading in the evenings, while enlarging his general knowledge and making him acquainted with English literature, was not the best preparation for a competitive examination in definite subjects. For instance, he knew nothing of either Latin or Greek. His intelligence and character impressed all who knew him; but a professional examiner judges by the correctness of his written answers. There is something pathetic in the picture his brother gives of this boy of sixteen faring forth into the world to try his luck at the entrance examination to Stepney College held on the 23rd of June 1840.

Henry travelled by coach to Coventry and from thence by the L. N. W. line to Euston, London. In the railway carriage he fell into chat with a fellow traveller, a young man from Birmingham, and found that he was going up to London for the same purpose. This young man was Jonathan Makepeace afterwards known for his distinguished service in India as a missionary.

On Henry's arrival in London he made his way to Fenchurch Street where he stayed at the Vine Inn, a hotel he looked for vainly in after years. He knew nothing of London and did not care to see anything of it on this occasion. Anxious and weary he went to bed early. The next day he made his way to the place where the examination was to begin at one o'clock. The fourteen candidates were requested to write papers on the following subjects:

1. Are the invitations of the Gospel general or particular? Prove your conclusion.

2. Prove the divinity of Jesus Christ.

3. Show how the world was divided among the sons of Noah; and how the prophecies regarding them have been fulfilled.

4. Show the tenderness of Christ by passages from his life. Then followed six questions from Hall on infidelity; then the translation of a passage from Xenophon. Finally the candidates were to outline a sermon on the words: "Sanctified by faith that is in me;" (Acts XXVI : 18)

At five o'clock the papers were collected. After their relative merits had been determined ten of the candidates were admitted to the college.

It was, of course, not surprising that Henry unable to read a single line of Xenophon, should have been unsuccessful. Although disappointed he realized the justice of the decision. For his competitors he felt great admiration. But he was hungry, faint and weary, and without a friend in London to whom he could look for a word of sympathy. A kind man, however, the brother of one of the other unsuccessful candidates, invited him to his house and the hospitality was gratefully accepted and never forgotten.

It was about this time that Henry heard John Bright give one of his earliest speeches on Free Trade. The Mayor refused to allow him to speak in the Court House, regarding him as a political agitator from the North; and it was in a large school room, adjoining the Congregational Chapel, that he denounced the "iniquitous corn laws." This was Henry's first lesson in Free Trade.

On Henry's return from London he settled down to patient and persistent work in all his spare hours. A young man in one of the Warwick Banks became a helpful friend. A Latin grammar and dictionary were obtained and a new beginning was made.

In the autumn of 1840 Henry Dunckley was received for a three months probationary course at a Baptist College, recently opened at Accrington, in Lancashire. He went by coach from Warwick to Birmingham, where he spent the night, and from thence to Manchester by an early train in the morning.

At the Old Boar's Head in Hanging Ditch he took the coach for Accrington, a large manufacturing village, a great contrast to the

mediaeval town of Warwick. The college was an old-fashioned house with a number of small rooms attached to it and occupied by the students.

The Rev. David Griffiths, the Principal and Theological Tutor, had a good intellect and "a style of address which expressed the charming originality of his thoughts."

Mr. Joseph Harbottle was the classical tutor "a beautiful and simple character." Thus were they estimated by the students in later years.

At the end of a few weeks Henry Dunckley was told that he might consider himself as fully received for a student for four years.

It was not long before the young student was sent out to preach and one of the first places to which he was sent was Sabden, a small manufacturing village in East Lancashire, where there was a Baptist Chapel founded in 1789 which was for many years the only place of worship. Sabden stood on the wild moors near Pendle Hill.

"It is in Sabden," says John Morley in his life of Cobden, "that we first hear of Cobden's interest in the affairs of others than himself and his kinsfolk. There, in a little stone school house, we see the earliest monument of his eager and beneficent public spirit which was destined to spread such prosperity over the country and to contribute, so helpfully, to the civilization of the world."

Cobden's partner was Mr. George Foster of whom Mr. Morley says: "There is a legend, still surviving, how Mr. Foster, a Liberal of the finest and most enlightened type, with a clear head and strong intelligence, and the

good old-fashioned faith in freedom, justice and progress, led the Sabden contingent of zealous voters to Clitheroe for the first election after the Reform Act; and how, like a careful patriarch, he led them quickly back again after their civil duty was done, leaving the taverns of Clitheroe behind and refreshing themselves at the springs of the hillside."

Mr. Foster was a member of the Baptist Church at Sabden and he it was who received the young preacher from Accrington into his hospitable house.

In the spring of 1845 the Principal of Accrington College suggested that Henry Dunckley should apply for one of the scholarships provided by Dr. Ward's trust. John Ward, LL. D. was a professor in Gresham College which was established in 1575 by Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange, London. There were seven professors salaried out of the revenue of the Exchange of whom Dr. Ward was one towards the middle of the 18th century. In 1754, a few years before his death, he put in trust £1200.0.0 of Bank Stock, the interest of which was to be applied to the education of young men for the ministry of Protestant dissenting churches, preference to be given to Baptists. In July 1845 Henry heard that he had been granted a scholarship and he was enrolled as a student of Glasgow University on October 29th of the same year.

During the first year his principal subjects of study were Greek, logic and rhetoric; and in the latter classes he carried off three prizes, one adjudged by the votes of his fellow students, another by the professors, and the third by a committee of professors.

The summer vacation of 1846 was spent in general reading and in fulfilling a number of preaching engagements at Salford, Preston, Halifax and Hull. In one of these towns, where he stayed a few days, his host asked him if he had read De Lolme's Constitution de L'Angleterre." This question turned Henry's thoughts in a new direction and probably influenced his later career. He returned to Glasgow in October 1846 full of energy and hope. During this second session he attended the Mathematical, Humanity and Moral Philosophy classes.

In his vacations Henry always returned to Warwick and naturally spent much of his time in reading; while walking was then, as always, one of his great pleasures. Romantic sentiment was not unknown to him; and in one of these vacations he became engaged to a girl a few years older than himself. Family tradition has it that he fell in love with her after seeing her walk up the Chapel aisle in a blue silk dress. It is interesting that it should have been "a dominating air" that specially impressed his youthful fancy.

In April, 1847, Henry Dunckley took his B. A. degree. The early part of the vacation was, as usual, spent in Warwick and Leamington; and the latter in preaching for a Baptist Congregation in an abandoned Socialist's Hall in Salford. He was much liked.

In October he returned to Glasgow and took Higher Mathematics and National Philosophy.

He took his M. A. degree in 1848. Long before the end of the Session the congregation

at Salford sent him a unanimous invitation to become their pastor and they undertook to build a church if he accepted.

To Henry it seemed a bright and happy prospect. The people at Salford were neither numerous nor wealthy ; but they were all earnest, and attached to him personally. He began his work among them in the early summer of 1848. In October he married Elizabeth Arthur Wood.

In 1850 a little daughter was born in the modest Salford home, she who is now, 78 years later, writing the story of her Father's life for his great grandchildren in Canada, America and Australia. With her birth Henry Dunkley realized a new responsibility and the need of increasing his income. Should it be by teaching or writing? He was already giving his thoughts to writing, as the more congenial labour, and hoped he might be successful.

In 1849 the Committee of the Religious Tract Society offered two prizes of a hundred pounds and fifty pounds, respectively, for the best and second best essays on "The present condition of the manufacturing and other working classes, so far as the same is affected by moral causes and personal character and habits ; together with the best means of promoting their temporal and spiritual welfare."

When this discussion was first invited various causes contributed to invest it with special interest. Recent political events, the depression of trade, the effects of famine and the impending scourge of cholera, all combined to throw into bold relief the state of the work-

ing population and roused the middle and upper classes to unwonted enthusiasm on their behalf.

“The Glory and the Shame of Britain,” an essay on the condition and claims of the working classes, together with the means of securing their elevation, was published in 1851—and Henry Dunckley had won the first prize of one hundred pounds.

His two or three years of visitation and work among the poor of Salford and Pendleton, and his study of their conditions and employment, had made him personally familiar with the subject treated in his essay.

THE CHARTER OF THE NATIONS OR FREE TRADE AND ITS RESULTS

The National Anti-Corn-Law League was constituted to procure the repeal of the Corn Laws; and after Sir Robert Peel's Government had seen their abolition in 1849 the League declared itself dissolved. At the same time the Executive were authorized to call the League into renewed existence were there any effort to re-impose the Corn Laws.

In 1852 the Earl of Derby and Mr. Disraeli were called to Her Majesty's Council and the hopes of the Protectionist party were revived. The National Anti-Corn-Law League was re-constituted; and an executive council, with Cobden and Bright as leaders of a group of promising South Lancashire advocates of Free Trade.

It was thought advisable, however, that before the final dissolution of the League, the results of Free Trade, so far as they had been proved, should be gathered together within the compass of a single volume. Such a volume would be an appropriate close to the movement; at once a vindication of its principles and the most persuasive argument that could be addressed to foreign States.

It was resolved, therefore, at a meeting held at Newall's Buildings, Manchester, on the 10th of August, 1852, to offer the sum of £250 for the best essay and the sum of £50 for the second best essay, showing the results of the Repeal of the Corn Laws and the Free Trade

policy upon the moral, social, commercial and political interests of the United Kingdom. The essays were to be sent into the League Rooms, Manchester, on or before the 1st of December, 1852.

The period was later extended to the 1st of March, 1853; and John Bright, Richard Cobden, and twelve other prominent Free Trade leaders were appointed to act as a committee of Adjudicators.

The Committee met finally on December 6th, 1853 for the purpose of making their awards, which they did as follows:

Resolved that the Essay, No. 27, with the motto "Be just and fear not," is entitled to, and awarded, the first prize of £250. That Essay, No. 25, with the motto "Labor omnia vincit" is entitled to, and awarded, the second prize of £50.

On opening the letters accompanying the Essays it was found that the first prize had been gained by Henry Dunckley, M. A., minister of the Baptist congregation of Great George Street, Salford. The second prize was awarded to James Grant, Barrister-at-Law of 2 Plowden Buildings, Temple, London.

MANCHESTER NEWSPAPERS

Over the greater part of the nineteenth century the daily newspapers were: The Manchester Guardian, The Manchester Courier and the Manchester Examiner. They were all born within a few years of one another, and it may be said that they were born with the birth of modern England.

When the Napoleonic wars closed, in 1815, Manchester took tremendously to politics. Machinery had come in by fast and furious strides. The factory had sprung up, and with the factory the capitalist manufacturer who owned it, and still more urgently to the point, the "hands."

This new system was gripped like a vice in a Constitution, under which, Old Sarum, returned two members to Parliament and Manchester, Birmingham and Leeds none at all; and in a fiscal system which came down from mediaeval times. Manchester and Lancashire suffered acute pain; but there were many different opinions as to both the cause and cure. Some were for the breaking of machinery and bread rioting; others thought there was something the matter with the coinage; some were for the rights of man and the vote; and others were for Free Trade.

The Reform Act of 1832, though it was only a partial measure let off a lot of steam, but between 1815 and 1832 the ferment was very great and one of the signs of the ferment was the birth of numerous periodical newspapers, which had this characteristic, that they

were produced, not so much for profit, as to express certain views on public affairs. One of these newspapers was known as "Cowdroy's Manchester Gazette." It began to be published as far back as 1795 but about 1816 it was at the height of its career; and it was from Cowdroy's Manchester Gazette that the three newspapers the "Manchester Guardian," the "Manchester Courier" and the "Manchester Examiner" were derived.

Until 1854 the "Examiner" had been issued only twice a week. Mr. Paulton was editor and Mr. Ireland was manager of the paper. They had both been members of the Committee that adjudicated the Essays on Free Trade; and they had welcomed from time to time such casual contributions as Mr. Dunckley could prepare in the midst of his duties as pastor of a church. When Mr. Paulton retired the proprietors of the paper offered him the position of Sole Editor of the "Examiner," In 1855 the "Examiner and Times" came out as a penny daily paper.



HOME LIFE; 1855-1874

In 1855 Henry Dunckley left Salford and removed to a pleasant district in South Manchester, some two miles from the office of the "Examiner and Times". His family then consisted of his wife and three children—two daughters and a son—varying in age from five years to three months. The new home was a house in a terrace, facing, across the road, broad meadows and pasturing cows. At the back was a garden surrounded by a brick wall. A high swing was set up in the

middle, and a hut was built by the children in one corner, and a list of rules and fines, prepared by themselves, was hung up.

When a young man of serious character and a lover of books falls in love at eighteen it is generally with a maiden, a few years older than himself; and, very naturally, when active partnership begins, she constitutes herself the judge of the practical affairs of every day life while acknowledging his general supremacy. So it was in the Dunckley household. When the Father's most important work begins in the late afternoon, and is at its height at midnight, and he is only visible to the young people during an hour or two of the day, the members of the family divide into two groups. The wife was the unfailing companion of her husband; and the children, by degrees numbering five, were turned over to a beloved grandmama, whose wonderful suggestions and stories, told to them in the nursery, made them more than content to be there. For the wife the evenings must have been long and lonely. Her home had been in the Midlands and the ancient town of Warwick and the modern Leamington, celebrated for its health giving waters, were surrounded by woodlands and rich pasture land through which the Avon flowed. The companions of her youth were there. Happily her mother, a widow, joined her soon after her marriage. To Manchester she could not reconcile herself. The grey colouring, the smoky atmosphere, factories instead of castles and manor houses, did not tempt her to walk out much; and unaccompanied by her husband she did not care for society. Happily she was a wonderful needle woman and made with skill everything the

children needed. She was also a great reader of all the novels of the day and had the exceptional ability of being able to relate the stories clearly to others. Only one evening in the week, Saturday, was Henry Dunckley at home with his family.

Two more children were born in the terrace house and the little family numbered five—three girls and two boys. The two elder children were sent to school and a governess appeared on the scene to look after “The three little ones.” When they were in bed she was something of a companion to the mother. What the eldest daughter chiefly remembers are the Saturday and Sunday walks with her Father. How much he told her! How much was heard without any clear understanding at the time! Again, how much impressed itself upon her mind to illuminate future thoughts.

Thus ten years passed away until the house in the terrace was found to be too small for the family and there was a removal two miles farther out of the city, to a semi-detached house on the outskirt of the village of Withington and only two miles from the Mersey which separated Lancashire from Cheshire. It was away from business districts and still further from the factories and iron foundries of east Lancashire.

The children’s walks ran through fields, and stiles had to be clambered over; and there was a little “Spinney” where wild flowers grew. The younger girls took their walks with the governess. The younger son was in a school for boys and the eldest was in Geneva

supposed to be studying French; and father, mother and elder sister had enjoyed a pleasant tour accompanying him there.

In the new house Henry Dunckley changed his hours at the "Examiner and Times" office. He had at home a "Study," with his books and papers around him, where he was never disturbed. Spending his mornings there he joined the family dinner at two o'clock, and later went down to the office, endeavouring to return at midnight by the latest omnibus—but not always succeeding.

On fine mornings, however, he now and again took a walk and then the eldest daughter, when she had left school, generally accompanied him. It was one of her recognized duties for her mother was never strong, never able to walk out much without a stick as a support.

When the daughter had left school the father did not talk down to her—if he ever had. The subjects of conversation became more or less political, sometimes they extended to relations of European countries. Sometimes he halted, and, with the end of his walking stick, possible positions were marked out. Foreign affairs became an interesting subject. And together father and daughter had French and German readings with professors of those languages. French and German newspapers came daily by post. The daughter, at the time, did not realize how much more she was unconsciously learning than in her school days; but in later years she discovered how much she owed to these walks.

Sometimes it seemed as if he were not talking with her but was putting his own ideas and uncertainties into words. And sometimes she could not follow him—but she realized that he liked to talk even unknown things over with her.

In spite of their Puritan upbringing both Henry Dunckley and his wife had decided that the children should learn to dance; and that they should not miss the presentation of any great drama. So they were taken—such as were old enough—to see Helen Fancit's last performance before her marriage to Theodore Martin; they saw Madame Ristori as Medea, and Salvini as Hamlet—both speaking in their own Italian language. Adeline Patti, Sims Reeves and Santley were among the great singers. They saw Sarah Bernhardt; and they heard Charles Dickens read "The Cricket on the Hearth."

Everything was changing rapidly. Magazines and books were available in the quiet "study." Mudie's library supplied the novels. The eldest daughter, at first, failed to understand the wonderful articles she read. All certainties seemed to vanish. Were the beliefs of her girlhood without foundation? She dared not ask. She dared hardly to mention the new thoughts to her father; but by degrees she realized that he was in accord with much that she read.

It was while the family was still in the Withington home that the Emperor Napoleon declared war upon Prussia. The news came to Henry Dunckley just as he and his second daughter were leaving to pay a visit to Mr.

Paulton—the editor whom Mr. Dunckley had succeeded—in his charming country home in the South of England. The young daughter had mournfully to unpack her trunk while her father almost took up his abode in the “Examiner and Times” office, where telegrams arrived at every hour of the day and night.

There were many German families in Manchester and from the very first their women threw themselves into the work of organizing sewing parties to supply all necessities for the wounded. The elder daughter at once joined some former school friends, daughters of a Prussian, who, twenty or thirty years earlier, had come to Manchester as a refugee.

Victory came soon to the Prussians. They were prepared for the war and France was not. The sympathies of the English people were almost entirely with the Prussians at first; but the French defeats, the disaster at Sedan, the siege of Paris, and finally, the hard terms demanded and enforced by the Germans turned the tide of feeling.

Nothing was seen of the father of the family by any of the young Dunckleys during those autumn months. There were no walks and talks; no tracing out of war positions on the gravel paths. They had to be satisfied with the newspapers and what their father wrote therein.

THE LETTERS OF VERAX

Two or three years later there was again a change of home and, this time, to a house that would be their very own, a house that was not numbered, a house that had a name, a name that Father and Mother had given it—"Binswood," a favorite trysting place in earlier days in Warwickshire.

It seemed to the elder daughter that Father and Mother, wise in so many things, seemed to have forgotten that the children were growing up—the eldest daughter was already twenty-three and the youngest was at school in Germany, nearly fifteen. But in those far off days young people did not give advice to their elders.

Every one was interested in the new house. There was a lawn in front, a drive up to the entrance, a tennis lawn could easily be laid out in the back garden, and still there would be room for some vegetables. Henry Dunckley was deeply interested in the garden, in the choice of shrubs and roses. He would wander out, when he first came down in the morning, to seek and gather the finest rose to lay beside his wife's plate in the breakfast room, quite regardless that eggs and bacon were waiting for him, and, to his wife's grief, getting cold. A price has often, on both sides, to be paid for romance.

The Binswood house had a library with shelves on the walls filled with books. It was at the top of the house where no noise disturbed the occupant, where no one entered un-

less invited. The inkpot was kept up just to the right level by an observant housemaid, and a new gold pen was given to him every Christmas. There were no fountain pens in those days and no typewriters.

Henry Dunckley was not a business man and it did not occur to him to look out for openings for his boys. Whatever higher education they wished for he would provide. But he took it for granted that they would know what they wanted as he had done when a boy. They loved and honoured their Father but were a little diffident, perhaps, of opening their hearts to him. Their hours were not his hours and they saw little of him.

In 1877 Mr. Dunckley began a novel series of letters under the pseudonym of VERAX in the "Weekly Times"—a weekly supplement of the "Examiner." These soon obtained a wide influence. He was generally fortunate in the selection of his topics, but remarkably so in his comments on the relations of the Crown and the Cabinet. The occasion which suggested them as a subject for his letters has been described by the author himself in the following words: "They (the letters) simply gave expression to the feelings awakened in me at the moment of reading Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort." I should be sorry to think that I am less loyal to the constitution as it stands, Crown and Parliament included, than any other of the thirty-four million home born subjects of the Queen. It so happens that the very first words of mine that ever figured in print were certain verses in honour of the Queen's Coronation. I am sure of two things with respect to those

verses—they were wretched doggerel, and they were loyal to the last degree. I think the Queen was saluted as “the brightest star of Brunswick,” and I also think that the whole universe was called upon to rejoice that she had been summoned to reign. I remember, as it were yesterday, that bright summer’s day, the thousands feasting in the open air, with the Mayor and Corporation at the big table, the loyal speeches and enthusiastic huzzas. I remember, especially, how delighted we all were that the Crown had descended to the youthful daughter of the Duke of Kent, and that the Duke of Cumberland had been sent to Hanover.

“The boyish loyalty of those days has never left me and I could shout now, as lustily as I did then, for our constitutional Queen. Hence I came to the reading of Mr. Theodore Martin’s book with no anti-monarchal prepossessions but with sentiments of quite the opposite order.”

The five “Crown and Cabinet” letters were re-published in pamphlet form and had a great circulation throughout the country.

In 1883, when Mr. John Bright was Lord Rector, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on Mr. Dunkley by the University of Glasgow, and few events in his life gave him greater pleasure. He renewed his acquaintance with many old fellow students who had become distinguished men; and it was specially pleasant to him to receive the honour during the term of office of Mr. Bright, who continued to be one of his appreciative admirers.

During these years he was frequently invited to speak at public meetings and now and then he addressed gatherings at the Manchester Reform Club; but though he was an admirable speaker, and sometimes even said he believed speaking was quite as much his gift as writing, he was less and less willing to stand up before an audience as time rolled on, and practically, seldom or never, spoke in public.

In the home life there were many changes. The eldest son was the first to leave the family home and go abroad. In 1880 his younger brother followed him, to act as groomsman at his marriage; and a year or two later he entered a Bank in Portland, Oregon. In 1880 the elder daughter married, but, for a few years, her home was still in Manchester, and on Sundays she and her husband generally appeared at Binswood. Then various reasons made it necessary for her husband to go to Canada, where several members of his family had settled. It was something of a heartbreak to her and her parents that she should make her home so far from them. Of course there was a constant interchange of letters and copies of the "Examiner" were sent across the Atlantic every week.

The youngest daughter married a few years later and it seemed as if she would stay near them. One daughter, Nellie, remained at Binswood. It was rather a solitary life for her, but for Father and Mother it was a great boon. They needed cheerfulness in the home.

These years were not easy years for the "Examiner" and consequently not for Henry Dunckley, who, for many years, had been one

of the proprietors. In earlier days the "Guardian" had been regarded as conservative, but by degrees, and probably by infusion of new blood, it had become more and more liberal in politics and there was not room for two liberal papers. When, in 1888, the Liberal party in England was suddenly split by Gladstone's Home Rule policy the "Examiner" was sold by the proprietors to a Liberal Unionist company, and, in February, 1889, Henry Dunckley resigned as editor.

In one of the rooms of the Reform Club a number of his friends presented to Mrs. Dunckley a portrait of her husband painted by Elmslie; and her husband accepted it in her name. In the course of his speech he referred to the great changes accomplished during his connection with the newspaper press. He began his editorial work at the crisis of the Crimean War. Close upon the Crimean war followed the Indian Mutiny, "which shook our Eastern empire to its foundation."

Two or three years later there came a war between France and Sardinia on the one hand and Austria on the other, which proved to be the first step to the unification of Italy.

The struggle in America for the maintenance of the Union, which ended in the suppression of slavery and in opening up far brighter prospects for the negro race throughout the world. It was a time of bitter trial for Lancashire. The people showed that they were able and willing to suffer in a great cause; and the efforts that were made then to multiply the sources of the cotton supply had had their effect on the Indian trade.

The echoes of that war had scarcely passed away when, on the Continent, began the short campaign which led to the exclusion of Austria from Germany; and then, some four years later began the long pending struggle between France and Germany, when French Imperialism collapsed and the German Empire was founded.

"It was the privilege of a journalist to identify himself in some measure with the events which he discussed and described; and in looking back upon the past he almost felt that they were part and parcel of his experience.

"Then, what events, what changes, significant and vast, had taken place in our own domestic politics in the same years. How great an advance had been made towards religious equality. Within that year church rates had been abolished, the Universities had been thrown open to the Nonconformists, their Jewish fellow citizens had been admitted to Parliament and the graveyards had been recognized as belonging to all parishioners.

"They would not forget what had been, perhaps, one of the most potential, though the slightest of these reforms—he referred to the Ballot Act, which gave protection to the weak and friendless voter, and enabled every man to record the opinions he felt on the questions of the day.

"Referring to Ireland, he remarked, that giving the ballot to Ireland proved the commencement of the great revolution which has been passing before their eyes. But all these changes paled before the vaster change involved in the extension of the suffrage, first to every householder in towns and at length to every householder in the land."

HOME LIFE

Henry Dunckley did not cease to write when his connection with the Manchester "Examiner" ceased. But his work was done at home—in his pleasant study at Binswood, from whose windows he could see the Derbyshire hills. The "Verax" articles were published weekly in the "Guardian," and many other articles were contributed to that newspaper. From time to time he also wrote articles for the principal magazines.

His wife's health, never very good, began to cause some anxiety to him and his daughter. There was a cold, a touch of bronchitis, then a feeling of weakness; and as the days grew longer and more summerlike she yet felt no inclination to come downstairs. She would come down to-morrow! or next week! Her youngest daughter brought her two little children to see her from time to time—and that was a pleasure.

"Would the eldest daughter come?" was the next question. Letters passed frequently between Manchester and Vancouver Island; and one day there came a telegram to say that she would be with them in less than three weeks; and in the first week of August Mr. Dunckley went to Liverpool to meet her.

Outwardly the old home looked as beautiful as ever and the garden was as trim. Trees and shrubs had grown—and were so different from the firs of Vancouver Island. Yes! it was home—and at the same time it had a desolate, sad appearance.

The mother, who had been the cheerful, smiling mistress of the home, imposing her will while almost worshipping her husband, and always thinking what she could do to add to the happiness of the younger, sometimes rebellious, members of the family, lay now quietly in bed, her face so small, so fine and smooth, and her head no longer encircled by an elegant flower-wreathed cap.

During the past year Mr. Dunckley had been wishful to remove to a smaller house—preferably to sell Binswood but otherwise willing to accept a tenant. A week or two after the arrival of Mrs. Angus the American Consul was wishful to rent it for a term of years. Two questions had to be considered. Would Mrs. Dunckley suffer from the removal and could a suitable house be found for the family?

The doctor, an old personal friend, said Mrs. Dunckley was suffering from no distinct disease and no physical pain; she was slowly, however, losing strength and vitality, and while she might slip away at any time she might live a good many months longer. He did not consider that a careful removal on a suitable day would affect her adversely.

Meanwhile the date on which the new tenant wished to take possession of the house was approaching and Mr. Dunckley and Nellie had at last found a house that “would do;” and the removal began. Everything was prepared in the new home before the invalid was carried down the broad staircase and placed in a carriage with the easiest springs. Within fifteen minutes she was in bed, old familiar furniture around her and a cheery fire on the hearth.

Henry Dunckley at once set to work to get his books into order, where he could put his hand at once upon any one that was wanted. As before, he chose a large room at the top of the house, for his study. Besides his regular work for the "Guardian" he was preparing material for the life of Lord Melbourne, which Mr. John Morley had asked him to write for the "Queen's Prime Ministers" series.

It was in the third week of September that his wife very peacefully passed away. About noon on the last day her husband, unaware that the end was so rapidly approaching, came to her room to say he was going out for a short walk. He was several years younger than his wife and his clear blue eyes, the rich colour in his cheeks, the short, well kept, white beard and the broad noble brow remain a memorable picture for his daughters. His wife turned her head to them when he left the room and said: "He is so good; so good. You will never know how good he has always been to me!" It was a beautiful farewell.

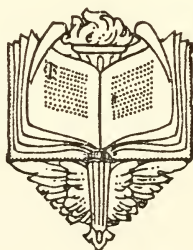
The last years of Henry Dunckley's life were spent calmly, peacefully, and happily, with his daughter Nellie in a pleasant house; a garden, with trees, sheltering them from the quiet Egerton Road, that branched off from the Didsbury Road on which Binswood was situated. The interior arrangement was different from the earlier homes. The study, for the first time, was on the ground floor, on the opposite side of the hall from the dining room. His daughter's sitting room was above the dining room and overlooked the little garden. It was a somewhat lonely life for her; but after many, many solitary evenings she gather-

ed up her courage and, with her work and a book in her hand, walked boldly into the study and—probably with some moisture in her eyes—asked whether she might not sit with him. A warm welcome was given her. A greater companionship developed, walks, garden flowers, holidays in the country or by the sea, and at least one trip to Switzerland. It was a little unfortunate that her brothers and sisters had one by one left England. The Ogdens, with their children, left a year or two after Mrs. Dunckley's death and settled in Western Australia. Mrs. Angus was in British Columbia. Henry, the little grandson there, had a name, his grandfather wrote, which was "a pleasant sound in his ear." Henry Dunckley had other grandchildren in the Western States of America of his own family name. The scattering of his family, though better for them in the long run, as he recognized, was one of the comparatively few disappointments of his life. The letters of "Verax" arrived in these distant countries every week; and the "Contemporary Review" and the "Nineteenth Century" whenever Mr. Dunckley had contributed an article to them. The family tie was happily unbroken.

During these seven last years of Henry Dunckley's life there was no apparent diminution of health and vigour. "Not more than a fortnight before his death" (to quote from the "Manchester Guardian" in an article which appeared the day after) "he met his friend, Mr. John Morley, at a dinner at Mr. Mather's house, before going to the meeting at the Free Trade Hall, when he appeared to be in his usual health, and entered thoroughly into the general conversation at table."

On the 30th of June, 1896, a beautiful summer morning, Henry Dunckley left home to take a "Verax" article he had just finished to the "Manchester Guardian" office, stopping at the garden gate to ask his daughter to have strawberries at luncheon. One heard afterwards that, on his return from town, he had chatted happily with a friend while waiting for a tram-car, which he entered without troubling to stop it, as was the custom with all young men. A few minutes later he expired on the seat he had taken, probably from heart failure. His one dread in life had been a long illness and from that he had been spared.

His last "Verax" article appeared in the "Manchester Guardian" on the morning of July 1st, almost side by side with the notice of his death.



HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.



NOV 99

Bound -To -Please[®] N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

